

The Bee.

—PUBLISHED AT—

O. 1100, "I" STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C.
as second-class mail matter.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year..... \$2.00
Six months..... 1.00
Three months..... 60
City subscribers, monthly..... 2

Nedding Again.

Booker T. Washington put himself in the District Justiceship fight and went so far as to suggest to Mr. Roosevelt the appointment of an upstart for the office of Recorder of Deeds. He has now suggested the appointment of editor Fortune for the Haytian Mission. This is about the only good thing he has done since he has entered politics. The entire negro press would be glad to see editor Fortune sent to Hayti. He would make a good diplomat. The Bee doesn't think that a big office like the Haytian mission would cause editor Fortune to lose his head as quickly as Prof. Washington lost his when Mr. Roosevelt invited him to the political negro decapitation dinner. If Prof. Washington eats many more dinners with Mr. Roosevelt, there will not be enough negro office holders in the South, left to occupy a space 4 by 6. The country has enough of Mr. Roosevelt as well as Mr. Washington.

Register J. W. Lyons.

If the administration wants a negro advisor, one who is honest and safe, not vindictive, prejudiced, neither a sycophant, The Bee would suggest Register J. W. Lyons. Mr. Lyons is a negro, but an honest negro, who is too much of a man to betray his race, neither will he misrepresent his enemies in their absence. Register Lyons, belongs to the Southern school of politicians, who, believes in building up his people as well as his friends.



J. W. LYONS.

He talks about no man neither is he jealous of any man. Some Presidents would rather have the advice of dangerous hypocrites than the counsel of honest men, Register Lyons is a safe man, who has not allowed his position to cause him to fill his skull with wet sponge instead of brains. The country knows Mr. Lyons and the negro has faith in him. This compliment is due an honest man.

District Suffrage.

A Republican Congress deprived the District of Columbia of the right of suffrage because there were so many colored people here. The democrats are only following the example of the republicans. In the District of Columbia we have a population of over two hundred and fifty thousand people, who are governed by three men. They are taxed without their consent and are not allowed to say who shall govern them.

The republicans in this city, at the time the right of suffrage was taken from the District, were more in favor of negro disfranchisement than the democrats were. The democrats in this city, are more favorable to the restoration of the suffrage than republicans are. We should have a say in the conduct of this government. An outsider

has more to say who shall govern us than the citizens who pay taxes to support our government.

In his skillful manipulation of letters, words and phrases at the Pen and Pencil club, celebration last week, Mr. Pollman could to good advantage, so it is said, have word painted a sign that would have shown certain gentlemen the significance of the letters "K. F. V. P."

It's funny how things strike one. Besides the jokes at the Pen and Pencil club celebration they now say the joke is on several who stayed away thinking that there was going to be a personal tax levied.

ANOTHER NEGRO TOWN

Now Established in Alabama Making the Third in the State.

From the Kentucky Reporter.

Another all-negro town has been established in Alabama making the third in the State. The latest is Booker City. The town is located on the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham branch of the Frisco system, about ten miles from Birmingham. It contains 40 acres and thirty acres of this has been secured by the Southern Colored Methodist Episcopal church as a site for an institution for the higher education of the race, which is soon to be established. The site was visited last week by the delegates to the College of Bishops, which met in Birmingham. The work of raising funds for the institution is now in progress, and \$1,000 has been subscribed.

The first Negro town in Alabama to be established was Hobson City, which has been in existence some time, and is populated and officered exclusively by Negroes. The second was Douglass, suburb of Pratt City, and this town elected a full set of Negro officials last Saturday.

Another Fake Call.

From the American Herald.

As another proof of Booker T. Washington's pull with the colored people of America it may be stated that his big business men's convention at Chicago some months ago had just sixty delegates in attendance, notwithstanding the false and erroneous statement sanctioned by "Moses" that there were 1500 such delegates.

There is still another scheme to help the railroads on foot and we opine that every Negro teacher in the United States will be there. Nit.

DOUGLASS DAY CELEBRATED.

(Continued from page 1.)

diagnose the case properly and having "dropped a line" to his professor has been cured of a simple case of "Lapsus linguae."

To Dr. S. A. Ward, "Coming up" Oh! Doctor Ward, don't think it hard. If this provokes some laughter You don't want to go, in the back row But as a second tenor you have to.

To Henry Lacy, Detective. Ground Hog (Dorsey Foulitz) was out last week but saw his "shadow" (Lacy) and Lacy went back to Weed (on). May his shadow never grow less.

To our Brooks and Rivers. Most grave and revered signior. There is a couplet which runs: "As Brooks makes rivers, rivers run to seas" and to see you all have come.

The "Ohio Idea" gave us Green, Brown, Black hair, and many other of divers colors. Here's hoping "The New York notion" will add White notwithstanding he was born Brown.

To Harry Smith, Cleveland: In what way does "friend Clifford" remind you of the confirmed tourist? Answer: He knows the route and has just landed in a new place.

To J. B. Clark: When in doubt win the trick. To Prof. Geo. W. Cook. "Vivo" For charity's sake "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

To A. U. Craig, Electrician. You may make light of it, but our population is going up on 6th street, with more to follow.

To A. F. Hillyer, John H. Paynter and others. Oh! Pshaw! What a snap to work in a department that has lost its Gage.

To Willis A. Madden, W. M. Pollard, Jere Brown, Harry B. Renfro and others. You may not have to work so hard since the Pressman's gone, but how does it feel to have to work under Payne?

To T. J. C. Calloway! Calloway! Why do you say The Negro ought to vote? You'd give him a hoe Or tell him to go The wood and water to tote.

To William Jenner, of Texas. Those bills, your own "Goose neck Bill" and the "Census" are enough to cause any green man to worry, but since you are a bill yourself we trust you've been O. K'd.

To F. M. Sims. A glance is enough to show that notwithstanding you're short handed, you stand high in the club as well as the department.

To Mr. Daniel Murry. We understand Capital is made of the fact that like one of the ancestors of your children, you're a good conductor of an underground system.

To J. C. Campbell. "Better late than never" but "Remember Lot's wife". Don't rubber!

To F. D. McCracken, New Member, St. Paul. The right hand of fellowship to the warm member.

To W. B. Hayson. "A man will turn over half a library to make one

book! Keep your eye on the borrower, better say 'tis lent."

To W. Stanton Wormley. "A care less song, with a little nonsense in it now and then does not disbecome a Monarch."

To W. T. Menard. You have Aged some since we saw you last attend the meetings. "Tis better to wear out than to rust out."

To Prof. W. H. Richards. Your presence here to night is the best evidence of your appreciation of our personal worth.

Prof. John T. Layton. "Some to church repair, not for the doctrine but for the musing there" the choir being a sort of Latent force.

To L. G. Gregory. Howard Law Library? How does it feel to be always up against the Law?

To W. T. Ferguson. There are some acts, we seldom or ever want to see. The Census Axe for Instance. How does it strike you?

To Samuel E. Lacy, a chip of the old block. Why is your father counted a High Churchman? A. Because he believes in the laying on of hands, open confession and wages a relentless war against evil doers.

To R. W. Thompson. "Richard's himself again," on the Colored American and the con Census of opinion is, he is the right man in the right place.

To Prof. W. S. Montgomery. "Tis education forms the common mind just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

To the Messrs Douglass. "One of the few immortal names, there were not born to die."

To John H. Willis. "Books cannot always please however good, Minds are not ever craving for their food."

To Lloyd Wheeler, Chicago. "Casus hith a lean and hungry look."

To T. A. J. He of the song. If our Tom Johnson should beat a Maunah, mark you! Surely "darkness would cover the earth."

To Philip H. Butler, Philip, great race defender, A wrong 'twould his wrath engender, And he'd proceed to rail, He's now a bridge of sighs Into the South they changed his route, He closed his mouth and now stands mute.

To Master Fred Pelham, "Cupid" to those about him. Here's a smile for those that love me I hope there is none that hate And whatever sky's above me Here's a heart for every fate.

To every one present. The greatest happiness to the greatest number. To our absent members. Lost to sight but memory dear.

To R. P. Jr. Enough may be as good as a feast, but tonight ne'er believe it, they've had enough of you at least, so don't com-Pelham to listen longer, but to eat drink and be merry.

To Gray Brothers, Our Caterers. You may live without music You may live without books But civilized man Cannot live without cooks. Let the feast be spread.

GERMAN INTERESTS.

German companies now have six steamers plying regularly on the river Yangtze between Shanghai and Hankow.

The German peasantry have a curious instrument called the nagelgeige or nail violin. It is a circular frame of wood in which are set 60 or 70 iron pins, played with a bow.

The custom of writing foolish begging letters to the emperor has become so prevalent in German schools that a warning has been sent out that it must stop or fines will be inflicted.

The authorities of Aix-la-Chapelle recently sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment a man who carelessly threw away a lighted match in a forest near that city, although no damage was caused by the act.

It is the practice in Berlin when any poor person dies and leaves no heir to have the bed disinfected and stamped by the official stamp of the town council. In this way a large number of beds are collected, and are then lent to the very poor.

OBSERVATIONS FROM LIFE.

Statistics sometimes prove that liars can figure.

A budding genius is all right until he begins to blow.

Her father's boot frequently makes an unfavorable impression.

Too much of the noise in this world tries to pass itself off as music.

It is better to be wrong at the right time than right at the wrong time.

The more a woman argues the more she is unable to convince herself.

Some dancing, instead of being the poetry of motion, is mere doggerel.

The price of liberty is eternal vigilance, but the cost of repairs is extra.

Young men think themselves wise and drunken men think themselves sober.

The man who knows it all is a fit companion for the woman who knows nothing.

Any man can think as he likes, but it isn't always policy to put his thoughts into words.—Chicago Daily News.

Getting Rid of Them. Mrs. Stubbs—John, the ashman refuses to take these old shoes. How can we ever get rid of them?

Mr. Stubbs—Don't be uneasy, Maria. There is going to be a couple married in the next house to-morrow and we can throw the old shoes after their back.—Chicago Daily News.

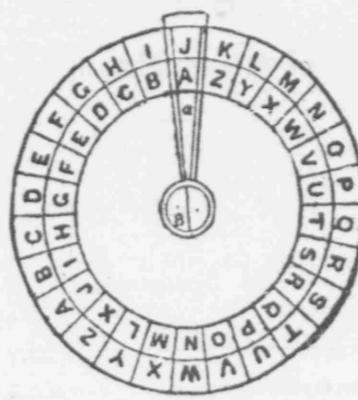
Longest and Widest States. The longest state is California (770 miles), the widest Texas (760).

DISPATCHES IN CIPHER.

How Army Messages Are Sent from One Corps to Another and to the War Office.

When sending messages in the army it is necessary to use a cipher, so that unauthorized persons cannot read them. A keyword and letter is agreed upon by the several generals, and anyone ignorant of these two things is unable to read the message. The instrument used, which we illustrate, is called the "cipher wheel." It consists of an outer circle, round which the usual letters of the alphabet are placed in the usual order, and an inner circle, having the letters in the reversed order.

The disc upon which the latter are inscribed is pivoted at its center; the



THE CIPHER EXPLAINED.
(Diagram Showing How the Cryptogram Is Obtained.)

arm A is fixed to this disc at any letter chosen by the generals arbitrarily, say A. This disc is turned round by working the millhead B.

In the cipher wheel the letters of the keyword and those of the true message are taken from the outer ring, the letters of the cipher message being read in the inner ring.

Take the famous message sent by Sir Redvers Buller to Sir George White at Ladysmith. Suppose that the keyword is "March," and that Sir Redvers said: "I have been repulsed," which it now appears were not his words. First write the words of the true message, next the keyword, repeated as often as required, as below:

I H A V E B E E N R E P U L S E D . — T e x t .
M A R C H M A R C H M A R C H M A . — K e y -
w o r d .

E T R H D L W N P Q I L X R P I X . — C i p h e r .
The cryptogram is obtained in this way: Set the arm of the cipher wheel at A in the inner wheel and at the first letter of the keyword in the outer wheel. Take out at once for the whole message the cipher letter of the inner wheel corresponding to the true letters on the outer wheel which appear above the first letter of the keyword whenever it occurs.

For instance, the first letter of the keyword is M. Above all the M's will be the letters I B E E W U M, and it will be found that by setting the arm at A in the inner wheel the corresponding letters on the outer wheel will be E L I I Q S S F. Then, by turning the outer ring to A (the second letter of the keyword), another set of cipher letters are obtained.

Continue the same with all the letters of the keyword, and the cipher as in the third line will be obtained. Thus no person could decipher any message unless in possession of the keyword.

ARCHITECT OF MEXICO.

As Such President Porfirio Diaz Is Revered by His Own People and in Other Lands.

President Porfirio Diaz, of the United States of Mexico, who has revealed himself anew as a statesman by the part he has just taken in the

Chilian peace compromise, is now in his seventy-third year, but is said to be possessed of a vigor and agility comparable with those of a man half his years. In the Pan-American congress, which has just happily compromised the Chilian objection to arbitration, the influence of President Diaz has been powerful and fruitful. In all his strenuous labors with the Chilian delegates he has been as one with the delegates from the United States. Although primarily the soldier and the man of camp and field, President Diaz has shown himself practically the very architect of Mexico's greatness as a nation, and while he is feared by the Mexicans, he is loved by them likewise. His is the most stable of the Latin republics. For nearly 25 years he has ably and wisely guided the fortunes of his country, and his recent high endeavor for permanent peace in South and Central America are a notable testimony to his sagacity and the soundness of his policies in general.

Living McKinley Monuments. Col. S. A. Houston, of Lawrence, Kan., has secured half a bushel of acorns from the McKinley farm in Ohio. His idea is to give them to people who will plant them and grow living monuments to the martyred president.

GEN. PORFIRIO DIAZ.

(The Astute President of the United States of Mexico.)



GEN. PORFIRIO DIAZ.
(The Astute President of the United States of Mexico.)

And Roy was a pitiable object. He was half dead from exposure, and the men feared that he, too, would be a corpse before they could get him to shelter. He had tried to make a fire that he might prolong the life of his father. He had but three matches, and all these were extinguished by the wind before the kindling he whittled was ignited. It was then that he forced his mittens over his dying father's stiffening fingers. He climbed a tree that his shouts might penetrate the deeper into the forest. Then he discovered that by lifting his father's head the blood did not flow so fast, and for an hour or more he sat there weeping and gazing into his parent's face, the while holding his head upon his knee.

When the men came back and built a fire the boy stood over it half dazed from cold and grief and for awhile the men looked at him and thought that he had gone stark mad. He talked so queerly. But at last he was able to help at building a stretcher of poles upon which his father's corpse could be carried through the woods, and when in the darkness the sad little procession started out of the forest Roy walked ahead carrying a huge torch of pine in one hand and the four guns of the party under the other arm.

All these scenes that go to make up the sad story of the tragedy young De Haas now reviews. He has changed from a youthful lover of the hunt to a hater of firearms, and it is feared that his brooding over the awful accident may yet impair his mind.

A HUNTING TRAGEDY

Boy Shot the Father He Adored Instead of Deer.

Fatal Mistake of Roy De Haas While Pursuing Big Game Out of Season—Now His Mind May Give Way.

The saddest boy in all Pennsylvania, and the boy most to be pitied, is 13-year-old Roy De Haas, of Two Mile Run, who a few weeks ago shot his father in mistake for a deer. His five-hour vigil over his dying parent in a deep woods five miles from any human habitation, his grief at the awful deed he had committed, and his exposure that bitter cold day have turned the lad from a cheerful, healthy youth, to a creature with sunken eyes and cheeks.

The boy has told the story of the shooting over and over. It appears to relieve his mind to tell the tale to new listeners. He was anxious that day to shoot the buck which he and his father knew had its browsing grounds along Two Mile run, and when they ran on to "signs" of the game his father told him that he might stand on watch while he himself would take the trail and drive the deer out of cover. Stationing himself on a stump, the boy, gun in hand, waited nervously and excitedly for the first glimpse of the deer. A half hour passed, and then he heard a twig break in the laurel just beyond, less than a rod away. An instant later he saw something gray shaking about in the bushes. He waited no longer. He pulled his gun to his shoulder and fired. The instant his finger pressed the trigger the object in the bushes came into better view, and he was horrified to see the face of his father. But it was only for an instant, for at the crack of the gun the heavy charge of buckshot intended for the deer had sped across the open, and Joseph De Haas sank to the ground. When Roy reached him where he lay the blood was oozing from a wound



"ROY, YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE!"

in the side of his head, near the ear, and another of the shots had gone through his body above the left breast. All he could say was: "Roy, you've made a mistake."

The boy, beside himself with excitement and grief, began shouting for help; the only answer to his cries were the echoes that were flung back at him from out the deep hemlock wood close by. The shooting occurred shortly after 12 o'clock, and it was five o'clock that evening before Edward Summerson and Albert Calhoun, two men who had been trailing bear up at the headwaters of the creek, heard the lad's hoarse cries for help. They fired an answering shot, and in a moment two shots came in reply, the boy firing the shots from his father's Winchester rifle. Then when the men came nearer, and could understand the boy's words, they were startled at the message: "I've shot my father, and he is dying!" They found the lad bareheaded, without a coat, and divested of his mittens. All these he had used to make a pillow for his father. The latter was yet breathing, but in less than an hour after the men arrived the vital spark had fled.

And Roy was a pitiable object. He was half dead from exposure, and the men feared that he, too, would be a corpse before they could get him to shelter. He had tried to make a fire that he might prolong the life of his father. He had but three matches, and all these were extinguished by the wind before the kindling he whittled was ignited. It was then that he forced his mittens over his dying father's stiffening fingers. He climbed a tree that his shouts might penetrate the deeper into the forest. Then he discovered that by lifting his father's head the blood did not flow so fast, and for an hour or more he sat there weeping and gazing into his parent's face, the while holding his head upon his knee.

When the men came back and built a fire the boy stood over it half dazed from cold and grief and for awhile the men looked at him and thought that he had gone stark mad. He talked so queerly. But at last he was able to help at building a stretcher of poles upon which his father's corpse could be carried through the woods, and when in the darkness the sad little procession started out of the forest Roy walked ahead carrying a huge torch of pine in one hand and the four guns of the party under the other arm.

All these scenes that go to make up the sad story of the tragedy young De Haas now reviews. He has changed from a youthful lover of the hunt to a hater of firearms, and it is feared that his brooding over the awful accident may yet impair his mind.

SNUBBED IN PARIS.

Eugenie, Ex-Empress of the French, Has Bad Experience in City She Once Ruled.

Early one morning in January a common-place landau stopped before the old Palais des Archives, in Paris, and two elderly ladies, garbed in dull black, alighted. One of them leaned heavily on an ebony stick, the handle of which was in tortoise-shell inlaid with gold. She entered, and was proceeding up the stairs when the porter somewhat brusquely placed his hand on her arm and said: "Where are you going like that?" "I wish to consult certain documents about my own family," the lady answered meekly. "Your permission?"



EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.
(How She Looked in the Days of Her Greatest Glory.)

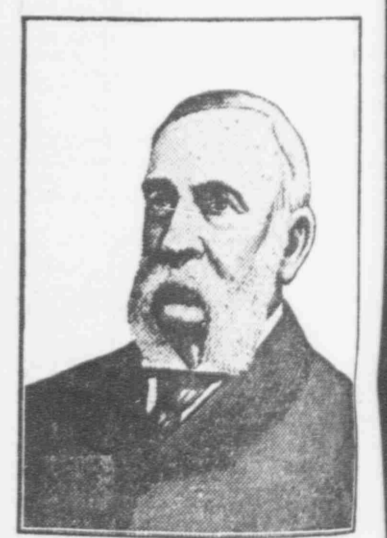
manded the man, rudely. "I have none. I thought—in fact, I knew—that everyone had the right to come here and look up the books on genealogy." "Ah!" grinned the man, "then you knew wrong. But if you go there"—pointing to a door—"you may get permission to go up as a favor."

The lady nodded and went away. But on the morrow a man whose profession it is to search out the documents in the Palais des Archives was seen busy looking through old parchments concerning a certain Balthazar de Chaves, who was once Spanish ambassador at the Court of Louis XV. He was sent there by the lady in black who had been snubbed the day before by the porter, and who was no less a personage than the ex-Empress Eugenie, great-granddaughter of Balthazar de Chaves.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

Chosen Head of the Great Carnegie University by Unanimous Vote of Trustees.

Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, who was elected president of the Carnegie university at a recent meeting of the trustees in Washington, was for 25 years and until recently president of the Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore. He came to Johns Hopkins from the University of California, of which he was president from 1872 to 1875. Dr. Gilman is a graduate of Yale, where he was secretary of the Sheffield scientific school and professor of physical and political geography from 1856 to 1872.



DANIEL COIT GILMAN.
(Just Elected President of the Great Carnegie University.)

and has the degree of LL. D. from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, St. John's and the University of North Carolina. He is a member of the British association, president of the American Oriental society, president or member of several educational funds, president of the Archaeological Society of America, and is president of the National Civil Service Reform league. He is the author of a number of books on historical and educational subjects. Dr. Gilman was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1831.

America's Jewelry Centers. More than half of the jewelry made in this country is manufactured in the Attleborough. Practically all of the jewelry made in the United States is turned out in New England in the city of Providence, the Attleborough and the town of Mansfield. Nearly 50,000 people are directly interested in the manufacture of jewelry. Altogether there are something over 250 factories for the making of jewelry in these four communities, the output of which runs into the millions of dollars in value annually.

Salt Shut Off the Current. Last winter, when an unusually heavy snowstorm blocked the streets of Paris, the city officials thought to expedite the clearing of the streets by sprinkling broadcast common kitchen salt. This melted the snow, but got in all the trolley slots. As salt water is a fine conductor of electricity, all the current was switched off, and not a car could move until the slots were carefully cleaned out.